

LITTLE GEORGIAN



OFFICIAL ORGAN DURING THE SUMMER SESSION
OF THE STUDENTS COUNCIL, FACULTY OF ARTS, SCIENCE, AND COMMERCE
SIR GEORGE WILLIAMS COLLEGE

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EDITORIAL

The "Little Georgian" must cease publication as of this issue due to the breaking up of the summer courses in the near future. It is not an unpleasant experience to be called for the final curtain of any production when that production has gained such widespread publication and universal support as our "Little Georgian" has experienced during its short life.

The Editorial Board and staff wish to extend their thanks to the students of the College for their support and constructive criticism; to the Business College for the use of their rooms and machines and for their actual labor in helping to print the issues; and to Dr. Norris for his support and assurances.

We feel that the publication of the "Little Georgian" has had some very definite results. The students of the summer courses have had an organ through which they could express themselves at any time on any subject. This has resulted in fostering student interest, not only in public affairs, but in one another. It has created a certain nucleus of student thought that would have gone by unnoticed without the aid of a summer paper.

We trust the summer students' body of next year will pick up our "Little" publication where we are leaving off and carry on with the project.

In bowing out to "The Georgian" which will resume publication in October, we wish their editor and staff every success and offer our services in any capacity.

BOOED, TATOOED, LASSOED

Do I know?...I think I do.

How I wish I knew I knew!

At least I know as much as you:

(The things you know are very few)

I do know something, that is true...

Is it enough to get me through?

Queens Journal

SO YOU'RE WORRIED ABOUT THE EXAMS SCHOLAR!

Does English phase you - Natural Science atomize you - and how do you feel about accountancy - like the underside of a rug? Have you tried the Student's Guide? Just in case you still have doubts try these appended hints.

Take this English set up:

Chaucer was a Winchell whose Stork Club was the Tabard and various beverage rooms on the way to Canterbury. He key-holed saint and sinner in the best journalistic tradition. Spenser loved his wife and Queen Elizabeth through beautiful Elysian fields, accompanied by the usual virtues, occasionally interrupted by the raising of the usual ugly heads. Shakespeare - well you might as well scratch your name on the bottom of the Queen Mary as describe that man. Try to say anything any better than he did and you'll see what we mean. Milton was a truly great man, as a matter of fact he insisted on it. He sponsored Cromwell, one of the better known men of his time, - had difficulty adjusting his own soul and got both lost and found in Paradise trying to sort things out. Dryden was a finished man who tried to stick with his day and got stuck with it. Last of this reasonably restored time was Pope - who loved his kittenish capers and carried mud-slinging to ultimate perfection.

Natural Science - well it's something like this:

We live on a crusty ellipse with an overheated core, surrounded by somewhat similar bodies of assorted sizes, which have been whirling at various speeds through incredible space for immeasurable time - all of which as far as we're concerned, may be a dead loss, because for countless centuries serious savants have been accumulating data that may end all.

From our position under the rug we find it difficult to express ourselves on accountancy - probably the less said the better in any case.

We offer this resume in a supreme effort to defeat the D V A theory on report cards, which seems pretty final about failure, or as they would say down on Delormier - "If

(Con'd pp 2)

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The opinions expressed in the editorial and in the other columns of this paper are not necessarily those of the Students' Council of Sir George Williams College.

ON LIVING IN THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC

"Where are you going, traveller?"

"I seek a place to call my home."

"Where have you been?" I asked him.

"I have been to the West," he answered.

"The people are friendly and free as their land, but it is too big.

"I have been to the East," he added.

"The land is salty and seasoned as the people, but they are too pungent.

"I passed through the cities. They are sober and sanitary. The people are honest and industrious, but they are righteous and unrewarding.

"I have come here."

"Why are you leaving, traveller?"

"The city is worldly and wise; the land is various and beautiful, but there is bias and controversy in the voice of the people."

Slowly I considered his judgment.

"All that you say is true."

"The worldliness of the city is brilliant, like the blush on the cheeks of a woman, brightest when the heart beats strong and steady.

"The wisdom of the city is old, like wine distilled through years of watching and waiting.

"The sophisticate and the sage bring harmony unknown to the dour and the decorous.

"The beauty of the land is kindling.

"The valley in the white winter sun beckons the rounded hills.

"Spring releases remembered power that stirs the mighty river.

"Shining summer caresses the leaves whispering of autumn's orchard ripeness.

"Humour and happiness in such a land make welcome warm and easy.

"Listen to the voice of the people.

"Hear the murmur of bias and controversy,

"Listen again.

"There is the shout of tolerance and respect!

"It is the echo of yesterday's amity, the promise of to-morrow's progress.

"Pride and prejudice make better bedfellows than prudery and precaution.

"Think about it, traveller."

BITS AND PIECES

The days of Little Georgian done,
I guess means end of tabloid fun,
Our successor, a scholastic champ,
Seems of humour slightly damp.

But fun again will reappear,
When Georgian comes again next year
As Little Georgian, small in size,
but far more suitable for us guys.

We like our paper sans effete,
And that's the type we'll surely get
When journalists forget to try
To change the world or reach the sky.

We have no quarrel with our friends,
Who write at length of worldly trends,
But succour us, Oh dear God, pray,
From editors who're never gay.

Give us spice within our paper,
Give us some of life's full flavour,
Dear editor, if you are for us,
Trot out your humour, or you'll bore us.

Scholars.....cont'd

the outfielder catches it the man is out".

So sail on sorrowful student - and
relax brother, relax---You never had it
so good.

Once I had a little mouse. Wrigg-
ling, dancing little mouse. He was
great. Some cat got him!

Once I had a little bird. His song
was the sweetest ever heard. He is
ate. Some cat got him!

Once I had a lovely beau who owned a
bus and lots of cash to spend. I
could cuss. Some cat got him!

Sign seen in a subway:

"I was here, you weren't
Now you're here I ain't"

Walter Winchell

TIME OUT FOR FRIENDSHIP

How many of us are "truly so busy" that "we just haven't the time"? I mean time to make new acquaintances, time to further our now established acquaintances into friendships, and simply, do we take the time to really get to KNOW people?

A quiet reticent exterior, which you may normally pass by unnoticed, is perhaps only the outer casing of an individual who has a sparkling personality, a brilliant and understanding mind, and one whose friendship, if cultivated, would put more warmth and meaning into your existence. This additional enjoyment to your life can never be attained if you don't take "time out for friendship."

Perhaps an extra word or two the last time you met in the corridor might have done it. Perhaps if you'd asked him out for coffee the other day, instead of going with the usual gang, you'd have penetrated that outer shell and discovered a personality far more interesting than any you have yet encountered.

Just TRY taking more interest in new people, and spare just a little extra time trying to get to know them. The dividends pay high!

WITH APOLOGY TO SAMUEL PEPYS

August 11th, 1946...Up this day about seven-thirty, still mighty dazed and befuddled, a cold shower being of little assistance. Presently, and none too soon, I made myself ready and hurried down to the street-car stop, where I perceived but few people about, and those very prettily attired. I did hear the pealing of sundry bells, but thought little...By and by, a street-car came to attend me, and, due to my lateness and agitation, it seems it was fain to greatly retard in motivation. At last to St. Catherine and Drummond streets, where I did note the time being about nine minutes past the hour. As soon as landed I away with great swiftness to Sir George Williams College, and up the steps and over landings to third floor. There I did see halls and rooms full of nothing but dead air and vacant benches. So I down to the main desk and, in great strait, did make enquiries of date and correct time....

Monday, August 12th, 1946...Resolved to remain indoors and at home all Saturday nights hereafter.

STUDY HABITS

It's so very easy to get into the habit of excusing one's self to one's self for not doing the things one should if one wants to. Take studying, for instance. There are those who, without half trying, can find some excuse every month in the year for putting off their studying. Those excuses run something like this:

January - Rushed to death with inventory and everything.

February - Now I'm entitled to a little rest, I guess.

March - Income tax stuff to do for the boss. No time to myself.

April - Can't study wid sudge a bad co'd in my 'ead.

May - Ah! Wonderful nights.. Just must stay inside.

June - Scrumptious weather. Too nice to stay inside.

July - WHEW! Too darned hot to study these days.

August - Wait 'til I get back from my vacation.

September - Soon's I get settled at winter schedule. I'll study some.

October - Gee! This fall weather certainly calls to the wild.

November - Hot diggity! Parties, dances shows. Must be sociable.

December - I'll have to wait until after the holidays.

And then they start all over again. The result is that the world finally passes them up. They have alibied themselves out of success. Anyone can do that. But the person worth while is the one who gets things done no matter what obstacles stand in the way.

STUDENTS --- TAKE NOTE!!!

What is love? ---

A tickling sensation around the heart which can't be scratched.

What is "spooning"? ---

Prehistoric petting that Ma and Pa did consider moral.

RANDOM THINKING

Soon again the Georgian will be on the stands. This writer does not wish to understate the energy expended by the editorial staff in the past but would like to offer some constructive criticism apropos editorials, and general policies, and to make a few suggestions which might be of help.

The greater percentage of students are intellectually mature enough to appreciate a little political, economic or social colour in the editorials. Why not do away with the stock phrases of "keep the stairs clean" and "clear the passage-ways" etc. and substitute the afore-mentioned worldly subjects?

By expanding the commercial asvertising, could not the paper build up enough financial reserve to assure a weekly publication, as well as to offer monetary rewards for accepted contributions? The latter would stimulate interest and so produce meritorious articles. This is especially so as regards cartoons.

The three thousand students and the faculty of the college have accomplished very good work. They deserve more public recognition. The public should be made conscious of this good work. This could easily be accomplished through the medium of the college paper, "The Georgian".

The writer submits these suggestions, knowing full well his own shortcomings.

THINGS OVERHEARD:

I was prowling down the corridor the other day trying to scrounge out of a Natural Science class, when suddenly I bumped into our Mick - you know the one I mean

"Why the sour puss?" I asked.

"Women again", said the Mick, "I have had my faith in women absolutely crushed. I hate women... Professors--- synonyms--- St. Patrick, help us!"

No further information was volunteered so perhaps one of the English professors could enlighten us. How about it, Miss Hillman?

Former editor Hirsh Adlerstein's trouble(?) in English 120 the other night. Whatsamatter Hirsh? Do newspapers make your vocal chords tingle?

Who was the lad asking for the lavatory and thinking of the laboratory?

Did Mr. Stabler know what he was walking into last Wednesday when he joined the group of reformers in the Trough?

And talking of the Trough---when, oh when is the ODOUR going to be removed? The one that wafts gently but stubbornly across the counter.

GEORGIANS NOSED OUR BY DAWSON

or

Last Lap Luck Lose's League Lead.

Last Wednesday, the Georgians visited Dawson to play the last game of the series. It was on a sudden-death, winner-takes-title basis.

Good playing by both teams kept the score to a 0 - 0 tie until the fourth inning when McLeod gave Dawson a lead by belting out a homer with a man on base. The score stood 2 - 0 favouring Dawson, until Dunkleman's hit brought in Schratz. A few minutes later, Dunkleman himself trotted in, taking advantage of Taylor's long homer, Georgians now rising into the lead 3 - 2. However, in the last of the sixth inning, three hits and an error poured three runs through for Dawson. The first half of the seventh saw no score and the game was called for darkness.

It was a good game, fast, even furious at times, with only two errors chalked up. It was anybody's game, even all the way. Dawson won fairly though with one of those breaks that decide so many games.

Here is the box score:

GEORGIANS

	HITS	RUNS	ERRORS
Latimer lf	1	0	0
Schratz	2	1	0
Dunkleman ss	1	1	0
Taylor 3b	2	1	1
Rivard cf	0	0	0
MacLeod lb	1	0	0
Langstaff c	1	0	0
Kirmayer rf	1	0	0
Crone p	0	0	0
Total	9	3	1

DAWSON

Barrett 3b	1	0	0
Gordon c	1	1	0
Gudgeon lf	0	0	0
McLeod lb	2	2	0
Burch ss	0	0	0
Henry cf	1	1	0
Crawley 2b	1	1	1
Feenman rf	1	0	0
Fraser p	1	0	0
Total	8	5	1

HERE WE GO!!!

We overheard a little Russian lullaby being sung by one of our Canadian communist friends to comfort his small child. The lyrics went something like this ---

"We don't know what to call him
but he's mighty lak a Rose."

S. T. Ringer, Queen's

Mony a mickle maks a muckle.....

THE RUIN OF DON JUAN
or
The Childe Harold goes to a Party

"There was a sound of reveille by night
And Georgian jitterbugs had gathered then
Their beauty and their chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men.
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell."

We found these words Byronic
Expressed our thoughts so well
That if you're still sardonic
Than you can go.....into a quiet
corner and study for your exams.
Personally, we're going to

T H E D A N C E,
tonight at 7:30